

The Tragedy of Hamlet

roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fall?
Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an
inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*! Why may
not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till a finde it
stopping a bung-hole.

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ha. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty
enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was
buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we
make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might
they not stop a Beere-barrell?

Imperious *Casus* dead and turn'd to clay

Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw!

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King, *Enter King,*

The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Que. Laertes*

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corse.*

The coarſe they follow did with desperate hand

For doe its owne life; 'twas of some estate:

Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Dost. Her obsequies have bin as far inlarg'd
As we have warrant; her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She should in ground unſanctified bin lodg'd
Till the laſt trump: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her,
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her

Prince of Denmarke.

Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Dost. No more be done:

We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,

To ſing a *Requiem* and ſuch reſt to her

As to peace-parted ſoules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,

And from her faire and unpolluted fleſh

May violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh *Prieſt*

A miniſtring Angel ſhall my ſiſter be

When thou ly'eſt howling.

Ham. What? the faire *Ophelia*?

Quee. Sweetſ to the ſweet, farewell,

I hop't thou ſhould'ſt have bin my *Hamlets* wife,

I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt ſweet maid,

And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treblewoe!

Fall ten times double on that curſed head,

Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenuous ſenſe

Deprived thee of: hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine armes.

Now pile your duſt upon the quicke and dead,

Till of this flat a mountaine you have made

To reſtop old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head

Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whoſe griefe

Bears ſuch an *emphaſis*, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow

Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Divell take thy ſoule.

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well; I prethee take thy fingers from

For though I am not ſpleenative and raſh, (my throat,

Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,

Which let thy wiſedome feare; hold off thy hand.

King. Plucke them aſunder.

Quee. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

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All.